



## THE OTHER SHOE



# THE OTHER SHOE

A Halfheart Arts Collection

Fall-Winter 2024

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Photographs on pages 1, 6, 9, 13, 17, 22, 30, 38 by Ruby Mullen

Photographs on pages 24, 34 by Kawika Kalama



Dear Reader,

We have collected another edition's worth of writing and visual art from some most talented souls. We do hope that you enjoy the mirrors and crawlspaces presented here. We are most grateful to our contributors, who come to the project with clear eyes and open ledgers, who open their heads up truthfully for you and I to peek inside. If you have the time, please seek out the creative work they do in their own forums; these will be listed in the short biographies at the end of the book.

There is no guiding theme to this chapbook, all were asked to bring their offerings and those who did determined for themselves what gift to bestow. If you feel called to contribute to our next edition, give us a shout.

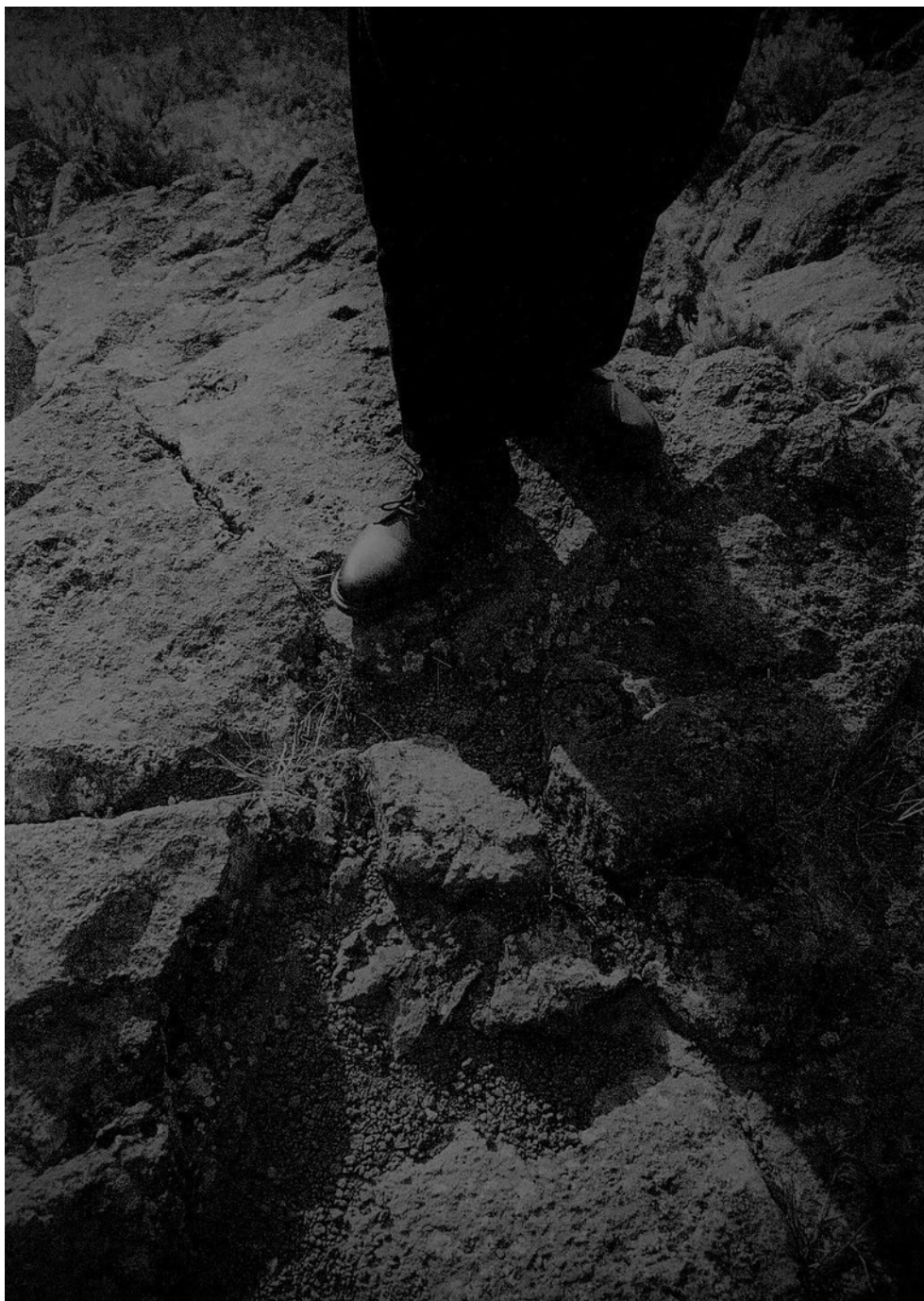
With the trepidation and love with which we approach all things,

Halfheart Arts  
Portland, OR 2024

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# BILLY ULLMANN

## *Middle Summer Hue*

My once dear S, who may never read this,  
I have no idea where you are this July  
But my coffee has much softer of a bite  
And the smell of the noon air is sweet,  
Free of cigarette smoke and wayward ashy oaths.

Burning the nine o'clock hour to a silvery gaseous blue,  
I dance free in the basement of a century aged home.  
I'm trying to live like an empowered and loving god  
Instead of a puppy-eyed and lovesick suppliant at your door.

But if you call me on a Tuesday night to unravel and detangle  
Your guts, I'd knit them into something soft and wearable.  
I don't care who we think we are today if you tell me you still  
Think of magnificent Us, those past summers serenading another  
In your oldsmobile and those beer drunk sloppy silly nights  
Moving loose, reckless and gay on your living room floor;  
Effervescence and lighters our tools of joy and of sorrow.  
Just give me the word, I'll recraft this drowsy and chilly July  
Into a tandem container made to fit two moon sized egos.

August like hearing fickle crickets and the air cooling in sun absence and breathe breeze,  
Garnish with wicked car wheeze.

Down the street, there's a dirt pit where a litter of puppies play fight while a cop pig pisses on a  
rosebush with heinous ease.

But this blueberry cream sky sings a saccharine siren song, a lullaby broken by sudden train  
squeal squeeze.

Or August like cheek blush and passing through thin thresholds while buzzing green into the  
evening heat.

Thick asphalt vapors waver, weave, and rise, baking into the rush hour oven street where the  
newest roadkill is the freshest of meat.

Skin freckling beneath a glorious pleasure sunshine as a clovesweet darling slowly, slyly nurses  
a cigarette as a treat.

August, and there is no remaking of a place quite like ours but a hungry urge to cruise the  
swollen streets that won't ebb away.

Riding with dressers, desks, and beds strapped taut to the roof of your Nissan, crawling from  
second hand stores, hand steadying sway.

Market fresh berry pints staining my lips, marking wet, sticky fingertips as a wash of water quells  
a sizzle sweat decay.

## *August Heat*

I sit and wait quietly to be loved the way I have been taught and every day my beating heart grows more and more unbearable in my chest. It's running out of space and soon it will pop like a balloon and the latex pieces will spray and stick along the crevices in my chest cavity.

There is a periwinkle blue room for pretty bullies like me and I can see the dust altering the room before any time passes, dead skin yellows the near perfect, near purple hue. This is a space with windows to let the light in, a breeze to pass through. But isn't it queer how even sunlight degrades us?

Another voice calls from the living room to me, to shout out his misunderstanding and chide me for wasting away with the spiders in a delicate fit of honeysuckle yearning.

I see another room beyond the door frame, with peach stained walls and windows even longer than before. The floor is draped with clothes here and there but there is still a pink silk scarf hanging on the door knob, as if to sing this is right, routine, this is ritual.

I tuck my romantic inclinations in a back pocket. I hop in a dark car with wild abandon. I don't know where it is going but I will get in it every time it appears. Soon, I think, I will buy a leather jacket.

Soon, I think, my heart will burst.

## *The Burst*

# DANIEL KOMPOLT

*(Untitled)*

Time really ought to tell you before running on the wing  
If I could fly I'd surely crash, while sparrows sing in dreams  
All the leaves in my book have burned  
The spine all twisted up  
The wind that soothes scattering ashes slowly fills my cup  
Just now I'm not so thirsty  
I have no need to drink  
This point in time like all the rest  
I should really stop to think  
My mind is calling down a hall of old and perfect stone  
Sorrow sings like tepid water  
Chilling to the bone  
The body may be broken but the mind is flitting, keen  
Water may be seldom pure, betrays an oily sheen  
But guarded is the soul inside  
Stained though it may be  
The chains it holds are frail, and weaker than they seem  
The rust is rather pretty, like an ochre shade of blush  
Blindly dabbed on grinning face, without a thought to rush  
I'm flowing with the water now  
To a better place, I think  
My clothes are full of stale hope  
And that is why they stink





# LA JOHNSTON

## *Play Ball!*

It is a perfect spring day. The stands are filled with laughing, encouraging family and friends. A small child, barely five, walks falteringly up to the plate. Atop the black, rubber tee, sits a white baseball. The little tyke lifts the heavy aluminum bat to his shoulder, screws up his face with determination and swings hard. His whole body twirls around and he lands on his rump. He does not give up but tries again. Another miss, but on the fifth time he makes contact with the ball and begins to run...to third base. His coach gently reminds him to touch first and second bases, THEN third. Everyone laughs discreetly and cheers loudly. This is then repeated until 10-12 five-year-olds have had their turn. The pitcher is openly picking her nose by this time and the left fielder is watching a bird circle high above. The third baseman is beginning to do the age-old dance and their coach goes out to whisper in their ear and the frantic child runs swiftly to the nearest convenience. Meanwhile, the coaches in the dugout are trying to keep the batting order straight and while asking one child where he got the gum he was chewing. "I found it right there", he says while pointing to the underside of the dugout bench. Trying not to retch, the coach tells the kid to spit it out. After an hour elapses and the teams have gone through the batting order twice, the kids meet on the field to give a cheer to the opposing team. Then they slap their sticky, boogery hands with each other and repeat the mantra, "Good game, good game, good game". After filling up on hot dogs, sodas, and candy, families and friends take their filthy, exhausted, sometimes sobbing children to the car and drive home.

*My Angel*

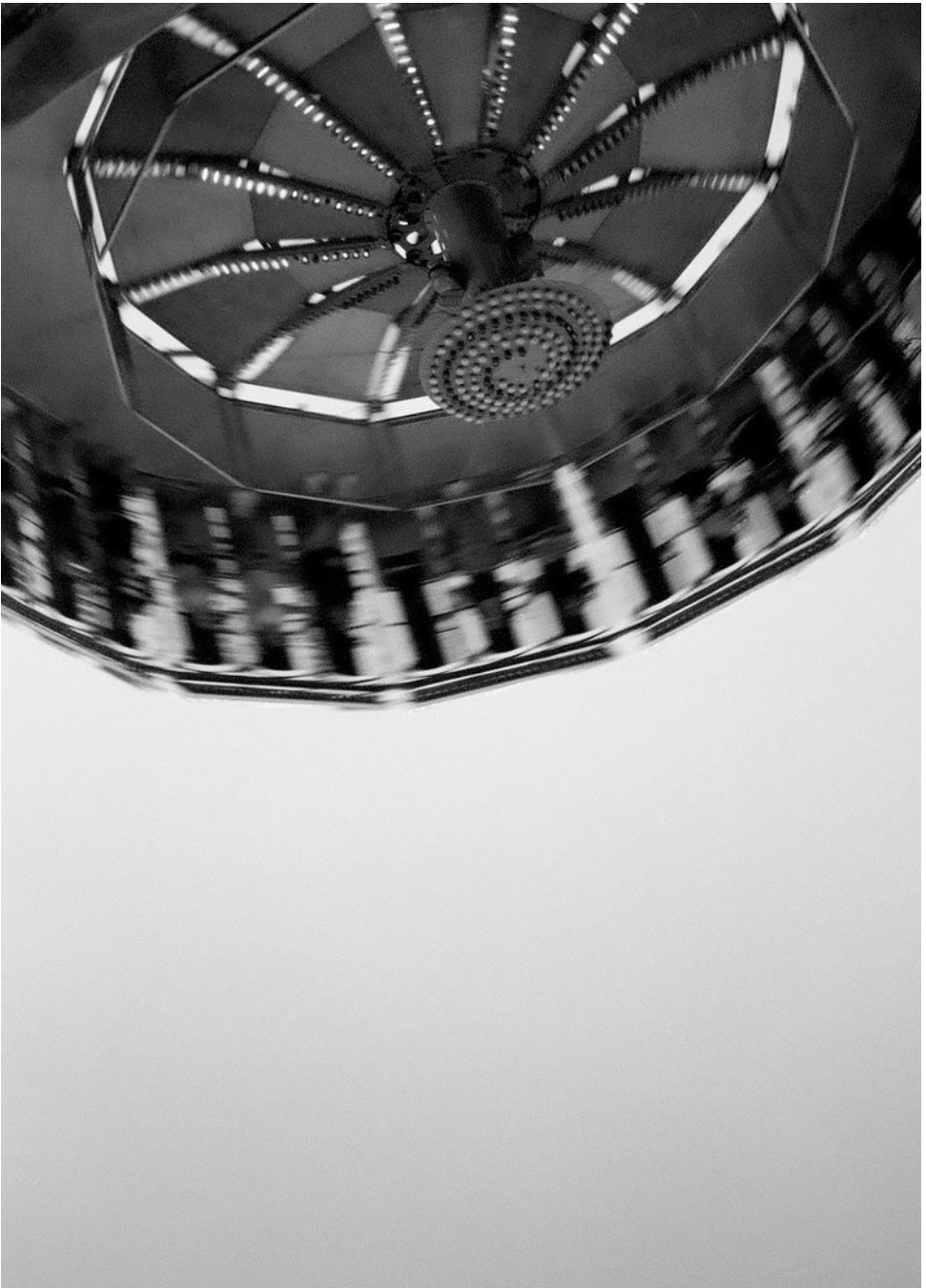
your perfect tiny hand  
your downy little head  
I never did see  
when life left you  
it left me too

numb disbelief then  
grief  
Tearing  
Ripping  
like a ravenous grizzly  
leaving deep claw marks  
in my heart

with time  
raw wounds close  
but scars remain

memories of you  
nestled safe inside me  
are worth the pain

My Kirstin  
forever my angel



*Spring Rain*

Spring rain taps tentatively on my window.

Sorry, you can't come in.

But someday soon I'll come outside,  
and dance with you

### *The Beauty in Between*

Sunlight dims as the night lowers its heavy hand over the forest.  
Stillness comes in that time between creates of the day  
Finding a place to nestle in for the evening  
And the creatures of the night beginning to stir.  
It is a fleeting moment,  
But all the more beautiful and rare,  
Because of its brevity.

### *Rural Road*

The crisp air of autumn blows through my open windows. I know this stretch of road like I know my own face. I have driven over it in good times and bad. Swiftly and painfully slow. In the backseat with a broken arm trying not to pass out. In happy anticipation of hearing the heartbeat of my daughter and in wretched brokenness when it could not be found. Baseball games, school activities and music shows. Grocery shopping and other journeys. It has soothed a raging mind and made my heart race with the anticipation of home. Who knows what the road ahead will hold? But come what may, the journey continues.

### *Resiliency*

A log bobs gently as tiny, salted waves break over its surface.  
As the swells grow, it is overcome many times,  
yet it keeps struggling to stay afloat.  
Its buoyancy is ingrained and long lasting.  
When it washes ashore,  
Sodden and heavy  
Rest is found  
atop the shiny, gray rocks.

# ROBIN COURT

## *Sleeping My Life Away*

yesterday

I left my bed.

today

I have significant writer's block.

tomorrow

can't come soon enough.

## *The Botanist*

Once, someone told me  
that Aristotle was a botanist  
and for a brief moment  
everything made sense

## *Mom*

If all your friends jumped off a cliff  
would it kill you  
to call once in a while?

## *Not Funny*

didn't laugh.

## *The Potentiality of Canvas*

Sweet fruit turns ashen  
Water retreats from my lips

As I pant as a deer pants  
For water, retreating from me

I start to start and all you could be  
Freezes, frozen, frigid, solid

Midas grasping for meaning  
And all I say becomes absurd

Captured in it's statuesque  
But once said devoid of motion

I hope you catch that waxen  
Son of yours

Daedalus maddened when he finds  
All diagrams fail

And all words do fail  
But somehow diagrams grant

Wings and machines and  
All made things of industry

Midas works for Micron  
Conducting information

Now that static holds all motion  
And emotion and expression

The potentiality of canvas  
Makes it hard to put a brush down

*I Am a Lice Man!*

I am a Lice Man!

I scamper 'round this earthen scalp  
and think myself important

Dodging and weaving my body through trees  
this manic state abhorrent  
to the other lice people

Those other lice people!

They sit in their little lice business meetings  
and lice seminars  
I myself alongside them!  
and walk around those little lice halls  
Wearing their little lice clothings  
and I myself alongside them!

Until now. . .

For I am a Lice Man!

Scamper  
Burrow  
Snatch  
Crawl  
Scream  
Dig  
Scream  
Eat  
Scream

I am a Lice Man!



My problems are lice problems  
My triumphs, lice triumphs!  
I do not dress myself up to hide  
What is there to conceal?

I am now a Lice Man!

I know my place in this head  
I know my place in this head



## *Guzzunk*

whoa, hey, hey, hey now  
is that the sound of a  
Guzzunk  
prowling around?

oh boy, oh gosh, oh golly gee  
I hope that frightful  
Guzzunk  
isn't here to eat  
me

that would suck

Guzzunks are hairy  
and scary  
and sport many teeth

while I'm quaking  
and shaking  
and pinned down beneath

a lot of stuff right now  
like, you wouldn't even believe

and yet, somehow  
In spite of the fear  
I feel a strange sense of calm  
wash over me here

if that Guzzunk did eat me,  
who would be sad?  
my school, or my friends  
or my mom, or my dad?

I've spent so much time  
full of so many frowns  
not achieving my dreams,  
really lounging around!

suddenly life  
seems a little more clear  
all those nasty emotions  
replaced, now with cheer

so thank you, you Guzzunk,  
you angel of death  
maybe now life  
won't be such a . . .

\*chomp!\*

violence! fear! death all around!  
screaming! crying! blood-curdling sound!

hark, hark!  
my arm, my arm!  
a Guzzunk is eating my arm!

my neurons care not  
for my will to live  
and love

the blood leaves my body  
all the same



*And Maybe You Too, Can Drink Sparkling Water*

Reading poetry is a purely aesthetic act.  
Please do not try  
And look for meaning,  
instead

take a poem from a musty, old  
collection that a version of you

might enjoy

and learn to enjoy it, earnestly.

Learning to earnestly enjoy life  
is honestly quite enjoyable.

The same might be true for a poem

Don't you want to be a person  
Who reads poetry?

# ACIE SCHIFF

## *Pitch Black Sea*

I once lost my Freedom  
Somewhere within my past  
My youth ran wild,  
Turning blindly on ambition  
Something I no longer am,  
Roughly what I thought I wanted,  
But what we need  
Is usually the opposite  
Lost in so many places.  
I will always be in grief  
Always be missing the past,  
But isn't that the fun part  
About being on this Earth,  
Listening to the Mother,  
When one knows not  
What to do.  
The rewards will be there  
When you are truly ready,  
And the dark waters and clouds  
Too shall pass with time  
And we can crawl in the dirt  
Laughing and embracing  
Ourselves, regaining autonomy  
Breaking out of that trapped  
Feeling. Let your hair down,  
And pin flowers to your dress  
When it's time to cry  
Or time to dance.

*Love Poem #143*

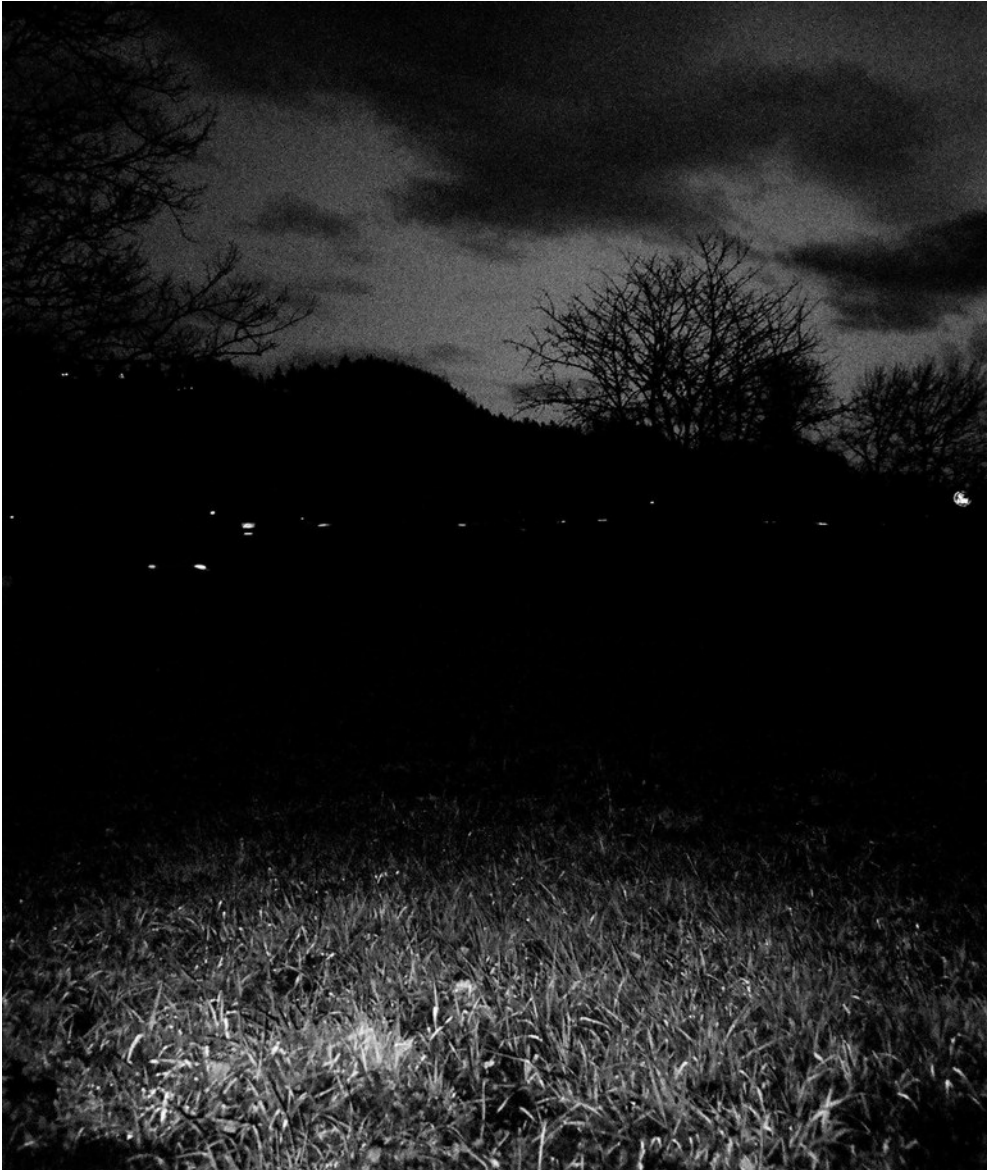
Oh, how I long to see you  
Waiting through those long days  
Fighting against the growing time  
Finding strength and love in distance  
Fending off the tides like war  
Knowing no one other constant but change  
And the only thing we know is change  
If not I had someone as special as you  
To stop even the fiercest of wars,  
And could move along even the slowest of days  
In which I could feel the distance  
Growing lesser with the time  
And that is what we crave, more time  
So that we could prepare for that change  
To create a bond within the distance  
Then can we be together, with you  
And me, shifting through arduous days  
Like a soldier lost in war  
Loss being just one casualty of war  
And losing count of the many times  
As if there were just one more day  
A caterpillar in the cocoon changing  
I still wait with pain to see you,  
But you are the space in the distance  
And something twinkles in that distance  
As if there were any good ending to war,  
The pain would disappear on you  
And you were there the whole time  
And like this inevitable change  
Could count out only the remaining days  
Oh how we love those sick sad days  
Like there never was any distance  
Like nothing ever had to change  
Like we never had to fight this war  
Like things didn't need to change with time  
And still my thoughts end on you.

## *Teeth*

Sharp pains stick like knives in my gums  
As I violently brush my teeth  
In the early morning sunlight  
As to avoid the buzz of the fan above my head  
With the light above my dirty sink  
And once again I am that sinking feeling  
The light rain of blood dripping on porcelain  
Sucking the spit back with my tongue  
As it presses against the rigid roof of my mouth  
and my mind wanders into what it may be like  
To feel a boxer losing a fight and his teeth  
To a freight train fist  
Or how it may feel against the butt of a gun  
On a defenseless face of a refugee  
And how my ancestors teeth were ripped  
Out of their mouths for their fillings  
and used for jewelry or house supplies  
Skin spread thin to make lamp covers  
Hair shaved and collected to fill pillow cases  
and I am sickened as a jewish person  
To watch my people replicate  
That which we said to never forget  
Candles going out for those no longer here  
Rolling in circles beneath the soil  
If their bodies were even left to remain  
And my brush drops to the tile floor  
As I buckle to bruised knees  
And I think about how my teeth may fall  
From the privilege I have to eat what I want  
While children are dying of starvation  
Where Palestinian teeth are spilled in the dirt  
Having more teeth than they do family members left  
More teeth than they do days with clean water  
Where they have more teeth than pieces of bread or clothing  
but less teeth than the bombs dropped  
Less teeth than hospitals and homes

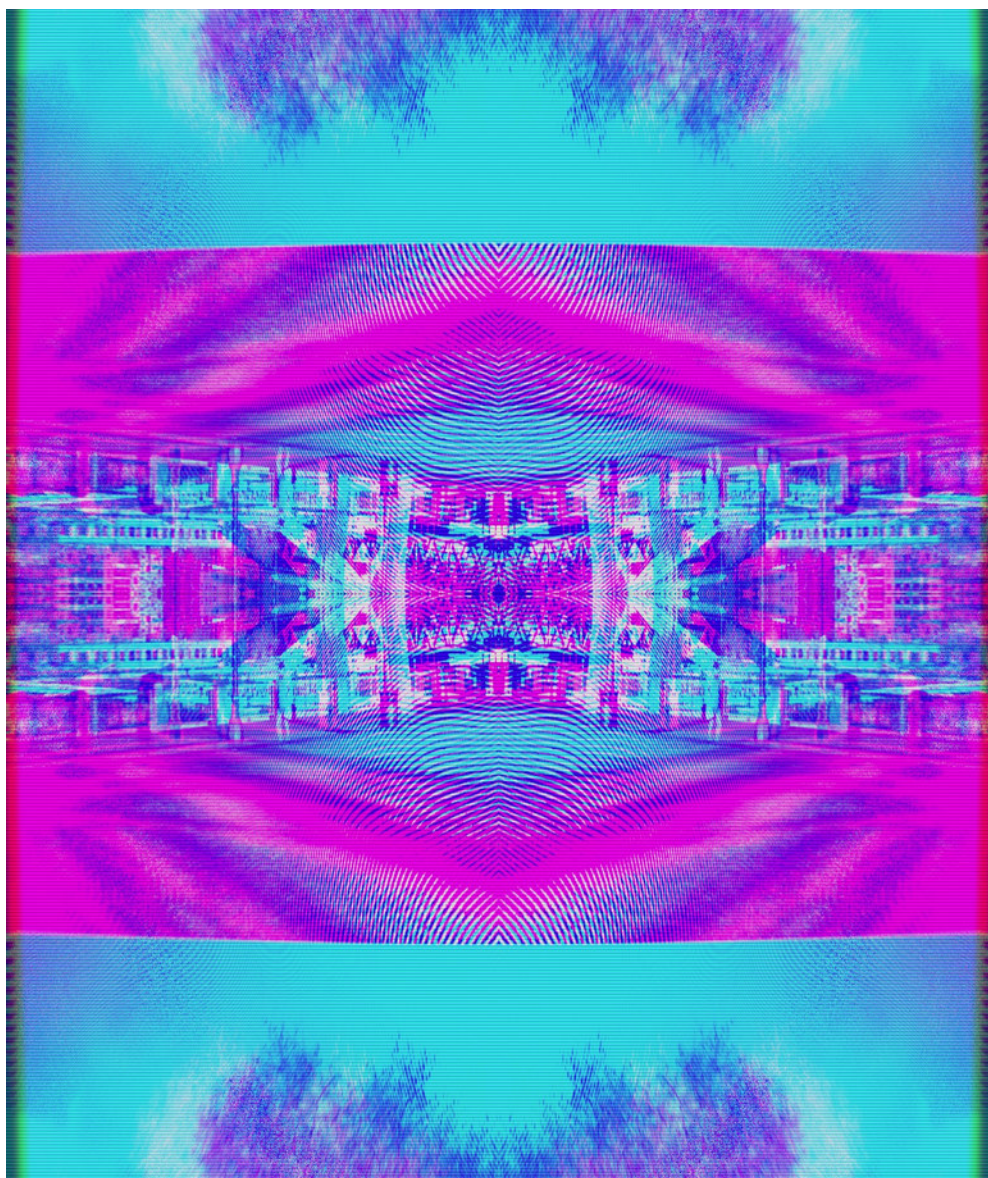


Less teeth than they have hope  
Dwindling as our silence becomes louder  
Avoiding pictures of bodies piling high  
And my tears mix with toothpaste and blood  
As a holocaust victim and a Palestinian family  
Look down in disapproval  
As all I could do was write a poem about teeth.



### *Come Back to the Surface*

You are that gentle reminder  
When the thoughts are scary and loud  
To dive into the deep end and pull me out  
To peer through the veil  
If only for just the moment  
A silly song, and so you lift the curse  
And you make me smile when we sing  
And so you talk about what interests you  
Or who I would be without you  
For I don't what I'd do  
And my eyes flood like a dam in a storm  
Back to this plain of reality  
A simple reminder to bring me back  
To breathe, to love, over and over  
Than could break my spell as you told me  
or if you are the only real thing  
And I am not sure if I break down  
Just so you could hear me cry  
Remember to release every so often  
Covering these dry lips with a stuffed lamb  
A muted scream so not to disturb  
The only sound urging from gentle lips  
Convulsing, my fingers claw into my arm  
I stare blankly at the ceiling  
Hating myself  
Less than you could ever love me.



# WOLFGANG WOOD

## *Plateau*

I stand alone on a grassy plateau.  
Looking out around me  
An endless suffocating blue  
is my only company.

Roots as my tangled toes  
My skin is rough and dry.  
I stand on a mountain,  
Unaware how I got here.

A maple down below cast me out  
I flitted down, tumbling in the wind  
Beautifully crashing, silently onto grass  
My hard shell tucked between strands,

'Til the skies blackened and sudden pressure  
compounded me, springing me from  
My pod, now raw on rubber  
Boots of an unbeknownst hiker

Day and night, flashes of light,  
And pressure as we ascended  
It was only when the rocks gave way to soil  
I could slip free,

Burying myself, staring at the rain,  
Wondering why I was alone  
Then laughed as I was free  
Of course then I sprouted,

Now all of this is unknown to me.

## *Unforgiving Sun*

Looking out onto my overgrown yard I see  
Invasive poppies sprout above the cluttered grass,  
Left undisturbed by mowers, weed whackers,  
Unnecessary obstacles to their growth.  
I think of my father.

Under the unforgiving Texas sun, driving the plow into his uncle's field.  
Far from contented, I hear the metal slice the earth open  
Like my grandfather's hand across his son's face.  
The cycle ends with the earth.

Standing barefoot I try to force my roots into the soil.  
My family is often replanted after adolescence.  
Breathing in I wish for the Santa Ana winds to take me  
Back like the seedling I no longer am  
To a place that was rarely home.

In the suburban house we bought  
because only the wealthy are allowed to build  
the house of their dreams, to be planted for generations.  
Does my father look up, to the California skies  
Like a poppy to a weed whacker,  
And crave the unforgiving sun?

### *Side Effect*

The world does not want me here.  
They make that clear with their signs  
On their stalls and Ma'ams and the Sirs  
As I walk through life.  
They have me  
Wishing I could wear a  
Giant neon sign,  
*"Gender Closed. No Vacancies."*  
But that would lead to more berating  
Poking and prodding  
And a common symptom of transphobia:  
  
Homicide.

So I learn to enjoy peeing in a bush.

I laughed so hard I cried  
When a man followed me for blocks  
Only to yell when he finally caught up  
"Omg you are a girl!"  
He said he knew  
"A man couldn't have hips like that"  
I cried into nothing  
Because nothing makes sense-  
I cried into nothing  
Because he thought  
He saw a sense in all this.  
I wonder what would have happened  
If I had been a man?  
Would that have been the end,  
A parking lot across from Safeway?

I make it home without any pronouns  
And take solace  
that my neighbor who stalks me  
Had the decency to buy me  
Satin fox pajamas and

Hide in the night-  
So I don't have to look into his eyes  
To know how he sees me.

I wear them anyway,  
Perceived womanhood a shield  
I hope is strong enough that  
He won't try to open my  
Windows or doors.  
The handprint on the glass  
The only confirmation.

A man  
Is driving a truck behind me.  
He wants me to know that  
He can  
Hit  
Grab,  
Chase,  
***Kill me.***

I already knew,  
But I stare them down as  
They slow roll past a church to the  
Stop sign  
And have to face a fear they think  
Is hidden,  
They ***need*** me to be a woman.

My eyes,  
Filled with coldness learned from river rapids.  
Unwavering as the wild creature I am.  
Long black skirt that hanging tight to my hips,  
Which they watched so fiercely,  
Does not match the force before them.  
Formless, a void  
Looking back.

I see them in towering iron  
Lose their vicious grin and shrink back.  
The sparkles of cruelty across their pupils,  
Now small highlights of disgust and confusion.  
They are naked before me.  
Their desire trapping them in the realization  
That I am a woman in the way  
That their truck is. In the way that boats and  
Storms who eat those boats are women.

But I am also a man like the color blue.  
I am a man in the way God is a man,  
Except I have no son to take on their sins.

No longer am I running with a  
Fur coat.  
Reaching back for a fellow beast who  
Thought,

"This is it. On the grass by the parking lot next to the river."

Huddling in closed store doorways at the sound of any engine.

What are they to do now with a WoMan  
Who they found fragile and tempting  
Moments ago. Who now was not really  
Anything at all. Who now was everything.

They are thinking,  
"This is where this is happening?  
Next to the church parking lot?"

And it is. It is where their straight life ends.

My gaze turned upon them,  
As they have done to me over and over.



Their engine whimpers,  
Shaken from its arrogant purr.  
I need not even  
Growl for them to slink away.  
Tail between their legs they leave  
Knowing that they were never brave,  
and *knowing I know* it too.



## *Olympia*

You do not take my gaze passively,  
Your brown hair pinned behind your ears.  
A delicate flower you are not  
There is no man that you fear.

Oh how mad they were to have you,  
exposed for all the world to see.  
'Her flesh is like a corpse, Manet!'  
They did not see the life you lead.

Around your neck hangs a bell,  
Its silence is unnerving.  
You hold your breath so subtly  
It's as if you heard me moving.

The creaking of the studio floor  
Must have given me away.  
Your assistant by your side,  
You do not care if I stay.

For weeks you lay on simple sheets  
not one for excess-  
Your cat covered in black hair  
Back arched angrily, in distress.

Oh how you judge me for looking at you!  
Taking a moment of your time.  
And though you have eternity,  
Moments are a rarity,

The powers that be-  
Their desire is a paradox of their hatred.  
Their lust for you, a means for an end  
Only you can light their fire!

When your day is done,  
And there is only the ash of shame,  
The same men are not willing to pay,  
Convincing society you were to blame.

What is in it for you?  
Payment from the man behind  
the canvas? Do you want  
Them to know that you see them  
When they uncover you from a blanket?

The way you make your living  
Is why they paint your bed.  
But you see past brush strokes-  
Right through the painting man.

You look through us all now,  
From the comfort of your bed.

# KAWIKA KALAMA

## *Midst*

In the swarm's midst  
Look to the butterflies.  
Look to the birds.  
Fluttering, flying,  
Their impermanence  
Echoes the wind.  
Peace and rest,  
Once more  
Among the swarm.

## *Caress*

Waves caress  
The shore

In her  
Fruity and grey  
Closeted loneliness

Savoring its cold embrace  
Stone reciprocates with a kiss



# DAN JOHNSTON

## *No. 1*

Christ cosplayed suffering  
for the cosmic equivalent of a weekend  
and the angels wept  
and God lost his damn mind.

Now, when we suffer, we  
cosplay Christ cosplaying suffering;  
we preen and congratulate one another  
on how studied our costumes are,  
how cheaply made

## *No. 5*

all the reverence ground out and  
caught in stainless steel basins  
then pressed, treated, bottled  
packaged & marketed & shipped:  
everybody needs  
a little spirit  
to pick them up when they get down  
oftentimes I don't care  
how much they pay the soulpackers  
whether they get lunch breaks  
whether they can afford a sip of spirit  
when they need it.

And I don't care where they get it,  
the spirit;  
it could ooze out of poisoned rats  
for all I care  
when I get down.

*No. 6*

your instinct for dianetics  
your inoculation against doubt  
your cornish pea hens;  
this life happens to belong to you  
closely  
as the last few didn't--  
okay--  
but you aren't ready for it yet  
your pea hens are pilgrims to china  
your ensoulment has a sale tag on it  
your instinct is Lordable tender, breath as currency,  
these minutes you sew on  
& string together  
they have their own designs  
an undersurface countercurrent  
and you, not noticing, like  
previous men of your caliber  
yearn to become the President of the United States  
and you, not noticing, like  
previous men of your caliber  
kill your children and end your line

*No. II*

long pig on the table for my good brethren  
furnace fashioned for making things  
under tender gloaming cover  
palm fronds sharp as glass-breaks  
laid out like a picket fence  
in front of my Flintstones-themed cell  
prison- or monastic-, I  
could not tell you  
scratches brandished over tamarind skin;  
paint peels from its host like lice





### *Sovereign*

While he watched his plane taxi down the runway and sweated out the effects of the last taser strike, he wondered if the rules and proverbs that his father had bestowed upon him were indeed the best methods for maneuvering in the world

## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

**Billy Ullmann** is a Greenville, South Carolina based poet and visual artist. Writing to, for, and of all the great loves and unlovely things. Find them and see their soft sculptures on Instagram @sillygoose\_billy.

**Daniel Kompolt** is a photographer and writer from Salem, Oregon living in Boise, Idaho. His subjects include natural and on-the-street elements, with an eye for composition and thematic exploration. You can find his visual art on Instagram @3danman.

**LA Johnston** is a writer and videographer from Brinnon, Washington. She works in a confessional style, grounding her work in personal introspection and in the natural world. She's also the whole reason we have this collection in the first place, having nurtured an abiding love of language in her children and pupils. Hi, mom!

**Robin Court** is an artist who gets most of her ideas out through musical poetry, philosophical essays, and other pieces of media trying not to be the first two in a trench coat. She maintains a healthy parasocial relationship with Sylvia Plath and Shel Silverstein to this day. BEST ADVICE: Go look at birds. Might save your life.

**Acie "Twitch" Schiff** is a poet, folk punk rocker, actress, filmmaker, DIY music promoter, an artist in every sense of the word. You can find her music at [thehumantwitch.bandcamp.com](http://thehumantwitch.bandcamp.com) or find her many, many projects on Instagram: @spaceyacieandthespacecadets; @twitchandbug5ever; @squidgrrrl; @farfromnormalproductions.

**Wolfgang Wood** is an artist and writer from Los Angeles, California. They live and work in Portland after receiving a creative writing and studio art degree from Willamette University. They take inspiration from the natural world, the seasons, the moon, whitethorn trees, and flower petals, as well as history, folklore, and fairy tales.

**Kawika Kalama** is a Kanaka Maoli (Native Hawaiian), Filipino, and Chinese multidisciplinary teaching artist, photographer, and farmer. Their media production company, Ahkilama, documents and shares Queer and Indigenous stories, operating out of Portland, Oregon. Kalama has had the honor of working with organizations like the Lincoln City Cultural Center, Hallie Ford Museum of Fine Art, and Portland Art Museum

**Dan Johnston** writes songs as This Man and the Dream Surfers. He lives in Portland, Oregon and would like to be your buddy. He'll play your living room, just shoot him a message on Instagram @this\_man\_and\_the\_dream\_surfers.

**Ruby Mullen:** I like to make music and videos, and I especially love to make music videos for friends. I enjoy collaging things together in video form, layering objects I've found or made by hand into the digital stuff. My big hope for the videos is that the really cool people I've met can have a souvenir that they're proud of and can use to promote their songs, that they had an actually good time being in front of the camera, and that I can keep on learning things. *Videos, etc. can be found at rubymullen.com\**.

*\*Editor's Note: Go check out Ruby's website. Seriously amazing stuff on there.*

Thank you so much for reading. If you would like to contribute to our next chapbook, purchase additional copies, book an event, collaborate, whatever, drop me a line at [johnston.halfheartarts@gmail.com](mailto:johnston.halfheartarts@gmail.com).

Thank you to all of our wonderful contributors, we hope to see you in the next edition.





